

WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the evening of October 14, we held our first Communion services. But few communicants, but the church was well filled. Through the kindness of our Baptist friends, services were held in their church. I wish I were able to tell you what a glorious meeting it was. The Spirit of the Great Head of the church was abundantly manifest. Brother I. D. Bowman, of Philadelphia, was with us. I need not tell you how wonderfully the Lord is using him; just as He uses all other *Spirit-filled* men and women! Held another communion last evening for the benefit of a sick sister. The little band feel wonderfully revived, notwithstanding the many trials we have had. "Since God be for us who can be against us?" Pray for us and hold up our hands while we hold up the Banner of Emanuel in the Capital of our Great nation.

W. M. LYON.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Protracted services begin here Sunday, Nov. 1, with sister Laura Grossnickle in charge. We anticipate a season of Pentecostal *consecrating* and *saving* power. The church is *afire* with holy love to God and each other. We desire the daily prayer of every reader of this article for an abundant blessing upon our "harvest" work during November. Six confessions and four additions are the *visible* results of God's work in this congregation. The other two dear ones are anxiously awaiting parent's permission to be received into the household of God *by the Jesus plan of adoption*. Two others, a U. B. and a Lutheran, are seeking the way of the Lord more perfectly. God hasten the time when one fold shall hold them and one Shepherd lead them.

ZED H. COPP.

Book and Tract Work.

J. D. McFADEN, - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The following squib I cut from the Volunteer's Gazette:

The increase of *Gazette* sales adds to our congregation and our list of conversions. It swells our ranks, inspires and encourages our soldiers and also wins for us many friends. Therefore, we look upon the increase of *Gazette* sales as of vital importance to our Post.

What is true of the *Gazette*, is also true of the *EVANGELIST* and other literature. The *Gazette* has been established only a few months, yet it has a circulation of fifteen thousand, money back of it! Certainly; but there is more than money.

That reminds me of one of Dr. Peck's illustrations:

We have yet to hear of any churches that have suffered through over generosity. We have certainly heard of many that have increased in membership and prospered through possessing the spirit of benevolence and unselfishness.

A devout colored preacher, whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offering would be taken up for missions, and asked for liberal gifts. He had in his congregation one well-to-do man who was very selfish, and who said to him before the service: "Yer gwine ter kill dis church ef yer goes on saying, Give, Give! No church can stan' it. Yer gwine ter kill it!" After the sermon the minister said to the people: "Before the service to-night Brother Jones tole me I was gwine ter kill dis yere church ef I kep' a asking yer ter give; but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef dere's anybody knows of a church dat's died 'cause it's been giving too much ter de Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me whar dat church is, fur Ise gwine ter visit it, an' I'll climb up on de walls of dat church, under de light of de moon, an' cry, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord!'"

On the other hand, selfishness has resulted in death. Sometimes one's surroundings are such that spiritual death comes. A recent discovery shows how two men met their fate. Alas, how often are men surrounded by the greed of this world and die.—Stockmen have made a ghastly discovery in the great canyon of the Wind River, in the Big Horn basin. The walls of the canyon at a number of places rise sheer and lofty, and in one of the most inaccessible places there is a grotto visible from below, which has been noticed and commented on for years. The turbulent, rushing waters of the falls have rendered the task of reaching it impossible. A party of stockmen going through there a few days ago turned a field-glass toward the place, and were surprised to see two skeletons sitting against the rock wall, each in the embrace of the other.

It is supposed that they are the skeletons of two men who, a quarter of a century ago, endeavoring to escape from hostile Indians, made an attempt to ford the falls of the Wind River, and were never heard of afterward. They reached the ledge on which the bodies were seen, and could go no further. The Indians probably remained in the vicinity for several days, knowing that it would be impossible for the men to escape, and thinking that they would come out from their hiding place in the course of time and give them-

selves up. It is presumed that the two men preferred death among the cold rocks and in the midst of the falls, rather than to surrender and suffer death by torture at the hands of the Indians, and so they died of starvation and exposure, while the Indians haunted the cliffs above. No one dared to attempt to reach the place, for once in the grotto there are no means of returning.

The Seventh Day Advents are believers in literature, and among their admirable features is their perseverance in this direction. A New York paper gives an account of one of their lines of work. It is worth reading.

NEW YORK, June 26.—The Seventh Day Adventists are crusading about the East River. Here and there along South street you can find sturdy old salts pouring over tracts and hymns. Here and there copies of these tracts can be seen floating on the tide, where they have been flung by the unregenerate. This story is for the benefit of the converts who have not been able to trace the source of the benefaction. All the outpouring emanates from one source. Almost any day in the week the close observer can see, flitting from dock to dock, and from vessel to vessel, along the river front, a long, low, rakish craft, painted a pure white. A man clambers out of the low white cabin, and mounts the dock or the ship, as the case may be, and wrestles earnestly with the 'longshoremen or the sailors upon matters connected with the salvation of their souls. This is Captain James Christiansen, the commander of the only mission boat in the harbor. Captain Christiansen was born in Norway and is therefore endowed with all these cold, calm, analytical characteristics of his countrymen. He has spent forty-seven years on the ocean and in his time has acted in every capacity, from that of captain of a full-rigged ship to that of a plain sailor before the mast. He has sailed all over the world in his day, and is thoroughly acquainted with the religions of every country.

The work which Captain Christiansen will pursue during the coming summer was planned for him by the recent conference of Seventh Day Adventists, in which faith he is an ardent believer.

The ship jack or auxiliary sloop, or whatever it may be called, of which Captain Christiansen is commander, was launched two weeks ago in Newark bay. She is a trim and sharp nosed sailor, even without the aid of the small steaming engine with which she has been fitted. The vessel was built on the plans and specifications furnished by the captain, and was